

# THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1919.

## Mr. Davis' Point.

"Without authority of law, and, therefore, void," is the verdict of Henry E. Davis, one of the leading lawyers of Washington, on the 2-cent transfer order of the Public Utilities Commission.

After studying the charters of the various companies which were scrambled and cooked into the present Washington Railway and Electric Company about eighteen years ago, he reaches the conclusion that:

"Too plainly for discussion, it is clear that while the Public Utilities Commission may change the rate of fare of any street railway company, it may not change the use and effect of the fare, and it may not prescribe one rate of fare for one class of passengers and another rate of fare for another class."

He advises by implication that the first collection of a 2-cent transfer charge be made a test case, and expresses confidence that the courts will sustain his view that such a discrimination against a certain quota of passengers in favor of others will be held to be null and void.

Therefore, we find that, without touching upon the point of whether the company is really entitled to impose an additional tax upon the people of Washington, it is the opinion of one of the most eminent lawyers in the city that the straddling solution of the problem arrived at by Messrs. Gardiner, Brownlow and Kutz is illegal, and that the company, if it attempts to put the additional charge in effect, as, of course, it will, will be embroiled in litigation from the start.

It is also interesting to note that the Washington Railway and Electric Company is entirely dissatisfied with the decision in its favor and is concerned over the order of the Public Utilities Commission to improve its service and order additional equipment. So far from the question being settled, it is more unsettled than ever.

Perhaps the W. R. & E. will be glad of the open letter which Henry E. Davis has issued. It may mean that the 2-cent transfer charge will be declared void and force the Public Utilities Commission to grant some other form of relief to the company—to impose an even more drastic tax than at present.

This indeed may be the milk in the cocoanut, but we would rather have the transfer tax thrown out of court and the entire question again placed before the Public Utilities Commission for settlement than not—for by its own figures and its own logic, it is hardly in a position to grant the company a greater increase of revenue than was contemplated in the award of the transfer charge.

## How to Handle the Panhandler.

There is no reason why the hobo should return to American life. He disappeared with the war by going to work. There is work for him today and there will be plenty more later on for there is going to be a greater shortage of labor than the country ever knew before.

But the panhandler is trying to come back to panhandling. He is in the streets of the cities and the towns. He is "riding the rattlers." He has his hand out for money or anything he can get without labor.

In Camden, N. J., the mayor encountered three on his way to the City Hall. When he got to his office he summoned the chief of police. They went out and rounded up the three and then the vagrants were put to work. For twelve hours they had to labor cleaning the City Hall from cellar to cupola. They got their meals and a small amount of pay, but they had to work. When they had given to the City Hall the best cleaning it ever had received they were told to go.

They crossed the Delaware in a hurry. And more that show up will be put to work cleaning public buildings, but somehow Camden is panhandlerless since the word went out by grapevine telegraph of how the hobo is treated.

Weather, style and price urge us to wear fewer clothes.

Wall Street complains that the Southern planters' organization to hold cotton is a combination in restraint of good gambling.

Heinie's wail is occasioned by the fact that he didn't know a square deal had so many sharp edges.

If you make a careful study of our laws, you will discover that civilization consists in a high regard for property rights.

The headlines are getting back to normal, and the great American boy would rather be a .400 hitter than to be a general.

Why all this patient discussion of the terms with Heinie? Who won this war, any way?

The justice of Italian occupation of Greek islands lies in the Italian's conviction that he can lick Greece.

The only class in Germany that is heartily in favor of singing the peace treaty is the cannon fodder.

Our guess is that Heinie won't be blockhead enough to invite a further blockade.

Statesmen are moving carefully in order not to offend the Sultan's religious principles. Why not be consistent and leave him a few Armenians for the practice of his principles?

We are at some pains to teach a boy the value of good manners, and he grows up to discover that the chronic kicker gets the best service.

We have never been able to understand the justice of a wage system that grants the same amount of kale to the man who is doing us darndest and the man who is doing just enough to get by.

Doughboys in occupied territory of Germany have been instructed not to step off the sidewalk to let Huns pass. Either the order was unnecessary, or something terrible has happened to our doughboys.

## THE SHIP SPEAKS.

They have taken my strongest timbers  
 Out of the highest cedar tree.  
 They have made my frame of the finest steel,  
 But the valiant heart of me  
 Is something they could not hew or weld,  
 Is something they could not make;  
 For the heart of me is the nation's heart  
 That no war-lord's curse may break!  
 Ah, men have worked that my gleaming prow  
 May challenge the wind and tide;  
 They have toiled in the heat of the summer sun  
 That my graceful length may glide  
 Through the swirling might of the ocean wave;  
 They have given me to the sea.  
 And because they have worked for the nation's soul  
 They have built that soul in me!  
 —MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in the Christian Herald.

## NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, June 1.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Lay late and read my journal, it being rainy and the boy came and said a storm had sprung down many poles through the town and that some benigne buggies were on the way in Central Park had slipped off their couplings into trees. By and by comes young Mr. Radcliffe from the sea and he was vexed that I was not up albeit he was a sound sleeper when we were school fellows and sometimes breakfasted at 4 in the late afternoon. I walked with him and took my gold pieces to the bank and passed a pretty quip with the counting man. The sun came out at noon and with my wife, poor wretch, on the omnibus to Forest Hills and Mr. Tilton came and Mistress Webster and Mr. Herriek and we saw Mr. Hall played at tennis but a shower came up and the young lady who played opposite fell in the mud and was a sorry sight but played till both were drenched.

R. Goldberg came and told news of his going to Toledo with R. Brinkhoff shortly to see the great boy fighting match and nearly all the sport writers of the town will be there. Back to town in Mr. Hewitt's gasoline wagon and at art shoppe I bought a brave print by M. Parrish called "The Harvest," which I deem very noble in color.

The new girl the agency sent is a tawdry wench and sings basely and I shall be glad when Hilda returns, albeit the new one fashions some excellent popovers. K. C. B. came and he has taken up his abode in the country and likes it very much but I can raise not a bit of enthusiasm for country life altho I was raised on a farm.

In the evening to see the Harlequin Chaplin and I kept all about me in laughter because I laughed so heartily and once I did almost fall from the stall, yet it was a course, slap-stick performance and my wife fears my tastes are getting low. Home and read late, being unable to sleep well.

A shining white head smiles down on Bowling Green from the sisterhood of ancient gray figures on the cornice of the Custom House. The head represents Belgium. The sisters are the maritime nations of the world which have dealings with the United States through the Custom House. The reason Belgium is so clean and white is that she is brand new, having just stepped out of the clouds which covered her from the gaze of the curious during the process of "rescuing." The statue used to represent Germania. Last fall, for reasons which need not be touched upon, she was replaced by the smiling and substituted the gentle, smiling visage of Belgium.

There is a persistent rumor that George M. Cohan is being groomed for public office. He has been successful at everything he attempted and there is no reason why he should not be in for political office. Of course, Cohan has good press agents in Eddie Dunn and Miss Ann Ayres but these stories are not emanating from the Cohan offices. They come from down around City Hall where political talk is hatched.

The dog associates of General O'Ryan and Colonel Hayward, of New York, have been honored enough to man a dog's head swell. But dogs are different. Yet a pin headed police rule in Gotham makes it compulsory to muzzle all dogs and not let them bark. It is quite interesting to hear what the returning soldier has to say for the dog. A new love for man's best friend was born over there.

## BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING NEWS

Miss Mary E. Moss, of the stamp perforating division, is spending the week-end at her old home, Sharpsburg, Md. Her associates are awaiting her return eagerly, as she hinted, she would bring them back a nice chicken dinner.

Gabriel Swart and Walter Johnke, of the engraving division, night, have been transferred to day work.

Come on, fans, and get behind the ball team this afternoon when they tackle the Naval Officers. The Bureau Band will furnish "home-run" music for our boys ONLY. Let's have plenty of pep and base hits.

George T. Tyser, plate finisher in the engraving division, has gone to Atlantic City for two weeks.

Albert Santy, machinist, who is taking some of his annual leave, had his three boys on a sightseeing trip through the bureau Saturday. Santy plans to spend the remainder of his leave entertaining his boys.

Robert T. Tinlow, machinist in the surface division, is taking two weeks' leave and visiting in Paterson, N. J., and Wilmington, Dela.

Mr. Sullivan, of section 3, dry boxes, has purchased a new "flivver."

E. D. Steen, of section 3a, has returned to work after a long illness and received a royal welcome from his associates.

A meeting of the Civil Service Reform Association of the bureau will be held this noon in the office of the superintendent of the building, for the purpose of electing officers. The meeting should be of interest to many of the employees. All welcome. The time is 12:30 noon.

Edward Atkinson, William J. Devine and W. F. Hines, of section 3a, are on sick leave. Hines is reported to be in the hospital.

Miss Sarah Cook, of section 6, has been spending the last few days motoring through Pennsylvania.

Julius Statz, of section 6, is having one big time on his newly-acquired farm out near Capitol Heights, Md. Julius alternates with his eldest boy in hauling a load of produce to the market in the wee small hours of the morning. The last rush is on cherries.

John Longbine, sheet metal worker, is making his annual visit to Philadelphia, his home town. He is always royally welcomed by his many friends and relatives on these visits.

Robert Miskell, of the machine shop, has been granted several days' leave.

J. R. Brewer, of section 9, has demonstrated that he is the best all-round bowler among the plate printers.

## "SCHOOL DAYS"



## THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

We mean it is a compliment when we say that William Howard Taft was an ideal ex-President.—New York Evening Post.

Senator Lodge believes that if there is to be a league of nations it is his duty to represent the late Carrie.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The terrible Senator Borah was going to decorate his wigwag with Senator Penrose's scalp, but he ended by confessing that he never intended anything more than a harmless ghost dance.—New York World.

The principal trouble about the rank and file of the German people now is that they are having to take three courses of education in current subjects all at once: How the war started, how it was waged and how it was lost. But they'll learn.—Savannah News.

Everybody agrees that no class of public employees should be paid more and that actually none is paid less than the public school teachers. But even this country-wide unanimity of opinion doesn't seem to help the teachers to get anywhere.—Boston Transcript.

"The Germans cannot complain of the blockade," says Maximilian Harden. Can't they? Just listen.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Silk stockings cost \$10 a pair in Paris, and the ladies are wearing their legs bare, inconsequence. If the style reaches the United States—good-bye to the hosiery industry.—Rochester Herald.

In seeking Riga the Letts are driving out the Bolsheviks. Let's let 'em.—Boston Transcript.

He asked for a job and we gave him a cheer.—Ohio State Journal.

The Germans have been granted more time, but no one can imagine what they expect to gain by it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The President tells Congress what it should do just as if it were still Democratic.—Syracuse Post Standard.

ers. He "copped" top honors for all events in the recent bowling tournament held by this organization.

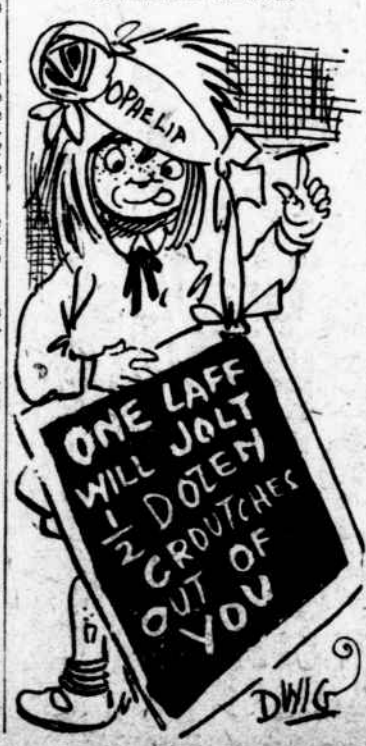
Joseph Hubbard, of the wetting division, is enjoying a few days' leave at his home in Silver Springs, Md.

Miss M. Sutherland, of the wetting division, has been granted two weeks' leave.

Samuel Elder is acting night foreman of machinists, while Dan Beach is away trying out his flivver. A rope is a mighty handy thing to carry along, Dan, for if you don't need it yourself you surely can help someone else out of a hole.

Miss C. Gleason has returned to the wetting division, after spending several days at her home in Baltimore.

## OPHELIA'S SLATE.



## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

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**THE GENEROUS ROSE.**  
 'Tis not for long the Roses live. But in their span they give, and give; Each hour that passes they unfold. And all their riches fling away. To make more beautiful the day—And after death lest man shall grieve A gift of memory they leave. On which they bloomed in perfect flower.

## Who's Who in Our City



COURT F. WOOD.

Tutoring one pupil after office hours in his home developed into the establishment of a large business school in the case of Court F. Wood, one of Washington's prominent educators.

Mr. Wood was in the government postoffice when he conceived the idea which led to his success in the business school field. He undertook at night to instruct a single student in commercial subjects, and the instant demand which was created forced him to seize the opportunity offered of forming regular night classes.

That was back in 1885. Six years later he established a day school and began to devote all his attention to his project. Today Wood's Commercial School is one of the best known institutions of its kind in Washington, with nine instructors and a student body for the past year of 1,048 pupils.

Mr. Wood was born in 1857 at Addison, N. Y. When 8 years old he moved to Michigan. Where he attended the public schools, received a letter from Stanford, Mich. After taking a course in Smithson College, Loganport, Ind. he removed to Hesperia, Mich., where he was principal of a public school for two years.

In 1881 he came to Washington and graduated four years later from Columbian (now George Washington) University, and was admitted to the bar. Shortly afterward he founded his school, which was then located at 27 Fifth street northeast.

Mr. Wood is particularly proud of his son Foster, who, as a sergeant at Camp Meade, received a high testimonial in the form of a letter from his commanding officer. The letter commended him for his services as an instructor, in which capacity he was so efficient "that his services could not be spared, despite his requests for overseas assignment." He has a daughter who is connected with the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland.

Mr. Wood is a member of the Board of Trade and a trustee of Waugh M. E. Church. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, and holds high offices in various branches of the fraternity.

**Cut Off Baby's Eggs And Pay More Rent**

New York, June 1.—Cut down on eggs for the children and pay higher rents, or clear out, is the advice of one New York landlord save a tenant to a complaint received today by the mayor's committee on rent profiteering.

The landlord said one egg per day less for the kiddies would enable the tenant to pay the rent raise.

## WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

Flo—You can't believe everything you hear.  
 Gertie—No, but you can repeat it.—Sydney Bulletin.

"How do you do it, son? You sleep in that class every day."  
 "The prof is a retired minister and doesn't mind it."—Penn State Froth.

"What's that prohibitionist so mad about?"  
 "The owner of a saloon in one of his buildings has canceled his lease."—Life.

He (during the quarrel)—You must think I'm as big a fool as I look.  
 She—I think that if you aren't you have a great deal to be thankful for.—Boston Transcript.

Visitor—Has your little baby sister got any teeth?  
 Tommy—Oh, yes! I guess she's got them, but she ain't hatched 'em.—Pearson's Weekly.

He (grumblingly)—My hand's always in my pocket!  
 She (sharply)—Then how is it you can't remember the letters I give you to post!—Answers.

She—But you only volunteered just as peace was proclaimed.  
 He—Er—yes. You see, exactly, I—er—wanted to see it was carried out properly.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa."  
 "What can be thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa?"  
 "Leaves of print in Congress."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Patience—It was one of the quietest weddings I ever attended.  
 Fannie—But it was at a church, was it not?  
 "Yes, but the contracting parties were deaf and dumb."—Yonkers Statesman.

Problem—If you see a man with a smile on his face cut a paragraph from a newspaper and place it carefully in his billfold, what is your deduction?  
 Answer—You are right. The clipping mentions him.—Judge.

## GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE NEWS

How many of you know that piecework in the pamphlet bindery was abolished only last year. In his report Mr. Ford stated: "I consider a piecework system too much of a strain upon the employees, and for the good of the service it was discontinued."

Bob Bell's metal-melting room handles four tons of monotype metal and nine tons of linotype metal every day. Will some bright reader please figure out how many ems of type this represents? Bob also reclaimed forty tons of dross.

The G. P. O. furnishes heat, light and power to the postoffice across the way, costing about \$5,000, without cost to the postoffice. Pretty soft for Mr. Chance. Wonder why the Public Printer don't send him a bill, any way?

The office printed 75,000,000 thrift cards last year. How many of these have you filled?

Mr. Dulin's ink factory produced thirty-three different kinds of ink last year, totaling 130,475 pounds, besides large quantities of ink ingredients and carbon paper.

This plant was established in March, 1917, because of the difficulty of securing supplies from private manufacturers, and the wisdom of the move is demonstrated in its efficiency.

Mr. Hennessy's roller room turned out 3,611 new rollers for the presses last year, utilizing 30,294 pounds of composition. This is one of our new industries, and one which is making good.

Al Smith, who operates a drilling machine on the fifth floor, seems to be running a race with George Fleischman of them daddies at the same time.

Have you seen that uniform our

## 'Round the Town

With CAPT. I. WALTER MITCHELL

Take our passion and our pride,  
 Take us, heart and head and hand,  
 Take us, and be God our guide,  
 America, our motherland.  
 —CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

**Some Peculiar Viewpoints of Suffrage.**  
 In discussing the matter of suffrage for the District with Senators and Representatives, I have found that some of them view the proposition from peculiar angles.

For instance, a Republican Congressman to whom I explained the proposed request of influential District of Columbians for national representation, exclaimed with emphasis:

"I will not consent to the proposition because it will mean adding two Democratic Senators and a Democratic Representative to Congress."

He expressed surprise when I informed him that in looking back to the close of the civil war I could not recall a single city election that was not carried by the Republicans, and usually by overwhelming majorities.

Another Representative said he would oppose the District being represented in Congress as "this is a city and not a State." He said if the City of Washington was given the desired representation all the other cities of the United States might, and undoubtedly would, demand similar concessions.

I courteously suggested that if he would consult the records he would find that practically every city under the folds of Old Glory are represented in both the Senate and the House, and that Washington was the one glaring exception.

**Object Lesson in Victory Gardens.**  
 The veteran soldiers and sailors who enjoy the hospitality of their Uncle Samuel in the Temporary Home for Soldiers and Sailors, 301 C street northwest, have a tempting vegetable garden in the large yard in the rear of the institution.

In company with Col. SAMUEL R. STRATTAN, superintendent of the home, I inspected the garden recently.

In it, arranged scientifically and picturesquely, are rows of beans and peas, cabbage, tomatoes, and other things that make life worth while, gastronomically speaking.

Since this home was established by the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., it has supplied indigent soldiers and sailors of the civil war and the war with Spain with 398,446 meals and about one-third that number of lodgings.

**Mystery of an Old Landmark.**  
 One of the mysteries of old Washington was recalled yesterday when I met JACK O'HARE, one of the first employees of the Emergency Hospital when it was located at 416 Tenth street northwest, in a venerable dwelling house, which has been replaced by a modern structure.

The resident physician about thirty-five years ago was Dr. JOHN M. MARKRITER. One night while O'Hare was on duty a closed carriage was driven rapidly to the place and a well-dressed man and a fashionably attired young woman, both severely wounded, were brought into the operating room.

Dr. Markriter was summoned to dress the wounds, two of which were made by pistol bullets. The resident physician, desiring to make a proper entry on his books, asked how the man and woman had been wounded.

"Don't ask any questions," a middle-aged man said firmly. "Here's fifty dollars for your services, and 'mum's the word!'"

In a jiffy the wounded people were rushed back to the carriage and the vehicle driven rapidly north on Tenth street.

The first precinct police station was located a few doors south of the hospital, at 408 Tenth street, and a report was made to the police.

A searching investigation followed, but no trace could be found of the mysterious parties. Dr. Markriter gave it as his opinion that the case of the woman was serious and might result fatally. She was shot through the chest and besides was suffering from several severe lacerations of the face and head. The man was shot through the shoulder and appeared to have been beaten with some blunt weapon.

The mystery was never cleared up.

**Former District of Columbia Building.**  
 Down on old Four-and-a-Half street, known as John Marshall place, is a venerable structure where many important District transactions have taken place.

It is between Pennsylvania avenue and C street, and is now used as a salubrious plant for humanity, being the home of the Gospel Mission, where human derelicts are taken in and given a chance to "come back."

I visited this place yesterday to see the genial superintendent, H. W. KLINE, and was introduced into the "rest room." There I found an ill assorted group of men who are down, but hope Mr. Kline and his co-workers will prevent them from going out on the tide of life.

Some of the occupants of the "rest room" were men of intelligence and have occupied places of importance and trust in the case of life. Two of them blamed their present plight on old King Alcohol, and another said he had become discouraged when he lost by death the last member of his immediate family.

"But if I can find a good woman who will marry me," he said, "I will come back all right."

press inspector wears? Don't miss that.

Foreman Richard Powers enjoyed several days' leave last week from the hand section.

Benjamin F. Constantine, of the night proofroom, is on the sick list.

Jim Mann, bookbinder in the map mounting division, motored to Gettysburg on Memorial Day. Says the roads were good, but everything was dry.

George E. Breitenbach has been promoted to deskman in the night proofroom.

Charles Ecker, bookbinder on the fourth floor, is a proud grandfather. Boy, of course.

Miss Nannie McMichael, after an illness of several months, is again at work in the keyboard room.

Caroline Brennan and Mary Scanlon are looking fine since they joined the Bindery Women's Union.

Harry Robertson, bookbinder, has returned to the forwarding and finishing section after a brief illness.

Robert W. Congdon, who for a year has been with the Shipping Board, has been reinstated and assigned to the job composing room.

Newton Odell, paper cutter, is on leave enjoying a trip in the wilds of West Virginia. Newt says the roads are too perpendicular to carry a Ford among the mountains, so he left his machine in charge of George Fischer.

The rulers say that the Victory Loan would have been doubled had it not been for that statute of limitations in the sundry civil bill.

## BAND CONCERTS.

There will be a band concert by the United States Marine Band, William Santeleiman, leader, at the Marine Barracks, today, at 4:30 p. m.

March—"Semper Paratus"—Sousa  
 Overture—"Zampa"—Herold  
 Characteristic—"The Village Swallow"—Strauss  
 Grand scene from "Madame Butterfly"—Puccini  
 Prelude—"The Ballroom"—Maschini  
 Reminiscences of "Donizetti"—Godfrey  
 Marine's Hymn—"The Halls of Montezuma"—The Star Spangled Banner.

There will be a concert by the U. S. Soldiers' Home Band, John S. M. Zimmerman, director, at the bandstand, today, beginning at 8 o'clock.

March—"The City of Ballarat"—Code  
 Overture—"Romantic"—Kaiser  
 Two songs—  
 (a) "Mighty Lak a Rose"—Hill  
 (b) "Take